131.

V

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous Gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks' Christmas Carol—
Written in Philadelphia, Christmas, 1868

VI

Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful

Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
Oh, come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels.
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
Glory to God in the highest, glory!
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father now in flesh appearing:
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

One of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns. The author of the words is unknown. This translation was made by F. Oakley in 1841. There are other translations by Edward Caswell and others. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.

These Carol sheets—single copies 3 cents; in quantity, 10 or more,, 1 cent each; $1.00 per 100, post paid—are published by Chas. D. Kreider, Nazareth, Pa. Series II contains six additional carols.

Sheet music for these and a number of other Christmas Carols can be secured from the Lorenz Publishing Co., 70 E. 45th St., New York; 216 W. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio; or 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Christmas Carols

SERIES I.

I

Silent Night

Silent night! Holy night!
Slumber reigns! Naught in sight,
Save that pair who lone vigil keep
O'er the Child Who, in softest sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace. :||:

Silent night! Holy night!
Darkness flies! All is light!
Shepherds listen while angels sing
Praise to God and good tidings bring,
"Jesus, the Saviour, is here!" :||:

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth. :||:

Josef Mohr, d. 1848

II

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats,
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76

III

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies:
With th' angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Ref.—Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Son of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.—Ref.

Lo, He lays His glory by!
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth:
Born, to give them second birth.
Sing we, then with angels sing:
"Glory to the new born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."—Ref.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88

IV

Angels From the Realms of Glory

Angels, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light:
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations.
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—Break your chains;
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854